

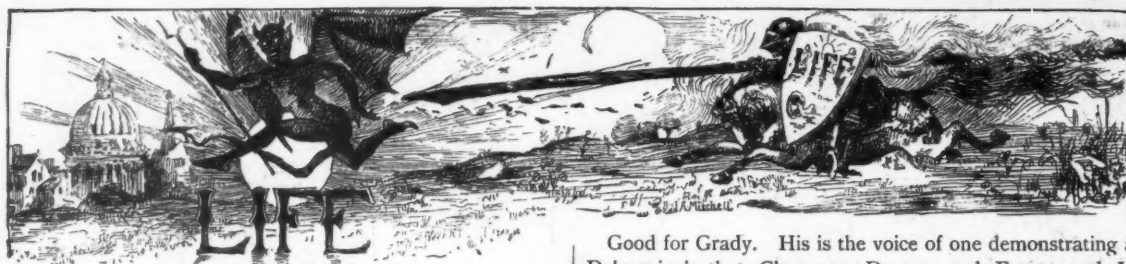


## A POINT OF VIEW.

*Mrs. K. (in great consternation):* OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

*Herr T. (examining the painting):* NEFFER MIND, MADAM; I AM QUITE SURE I CAN SOON MAKE IT ALL RIGHT.

*Mrs. K.:* MAKE IT RIGHT! WHAT CAN YOU EVER DO, WHEN IT'S A PATTERN DRESS AND I HAVEN'T A BIT OF THE GOODS FOR A NEW SLEEVE?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JANUARY 6, 1887. No. 210.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

GENERAL LOGAN filled a large space in the public eye. He had been on a recent presidential ticket; he had been a major-general, and was a senator; he never had kept out of any fight that offered accommodation to his talents; he was energetic, ambitious, a stalwart, and a partisan. He was as likely to be on the wrong as the right side of any given question, but whichever side he took, he took it with his teeth set and fire in his eye. The American people had a considerable regard for General Logan, and in many ways he deserved it. For one thing, he was not a politician for business purposes. If he thrashed the enemy and spoiled his camp, that was enough for him. He gathered in his legitimate booty with entire good-will, but did not try to get to Wall Street ahead of the news of his victory. He was honest, and paid his countrymen the compliment of dying poor. And he was a patriot, and when he happened, in the field or in the Senate, to get on the right side of any question, he was liable to do his country good service. There are plenty of wiser, and plenty of worse men in politics than Logan, but few braver.

WE present our compliments to Editor Grady of the *Atlanta Constitution*, the same who made the late speech at the New England dinner. Mr. Grady has as pretty a gift of the gab as any gentleman whose legs have curled up under Mr. Delmonico's mahogany for many a long day. They say that in his fiery passages he fused pistacio ice-cream with strawberry. That may be all poetry and exaggeration, but there is no doubt whatever that Grady talked beautiful sense in an admirable manner, and fairly won the praise that every one is giving him. It is a most comfortable thing to hear a Southern editor, manifestly speaking from his heart, proclaim that Lincoln was a hero, that slavery was wrong and mistaken, and that the war which killed it gave the South a new chance greater than it had ever had before. And it is especially gratifying to have evidence that the best spirit in the South is of Grady's mind in these opinions, and endorses him.

Good for Grady. His is the voice of one demonstrating at Delmonico's that Chauncey Depew, and Evarts and Jo. Choate have not a monopoly of spoken language. Come again, Grady!

LIFE desires to express its sympathy with the President in being the victim of rheumatism. We have had it in our's, and it is no fun. The sentiments wrung from Mr. Cleveland by his last attack—that he had had his own way before, and now the doctor should have his turn—are proper to the emergency, and encourage his friends to believe that he will get the better of his ailment.

THE newspapers insist that Secretary Lamar is going to get married. That is a good thing to do, and the news ought to be true whether it is or not. The genial secretary is much liked, and the people believe he would make an exemplary husband, but the newspapers have made matrimonial arrangements for him before, which he has failed to fulfill.

THE news of the retirement of Lord Randolph Churchill from the British ministry, has been received with interest in New York. Randolph, by virtue of his marriage, is a connecting link between Gotham's high social circles and the nobility of England. Certain Anglomaniacs have avowed that they heard Lord Salisbury's ministry drop when Churchill got out from under it, and it is not certain that their sharpened senses were not prophetic.

DR. HAMMOND'S account of his experiments with cocaine is better reading than anything in his novels. His confession that in moderate doses it increases his already intemperate addiction to copy-making gives some ground for public alarm, which is soothed by his admission that cocaine-made copy falls below his publisher's standard.

MAYOR HEWITT'S reign has begun. Long live the new Chief Magistrate! He belongs in Congress, and thither he must eventually return, but New York is a pretty important field, and if his recognized integrity and statesmanship can give us good local government, Gotham will hardly let his Honor have reason to repent the time he gives her.

1887! ANOTHER year of LIFE. It shall be as clean and as cheerful as it knows how:—as it has been since it began, four years ago. Its friends have been faithful. It is not too late to wish them

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

VERY NATURAL.

**EXCITED DEPOSITOR** with heavy check, stands astonished to see it promptly paid. What's the matter? says the paying teller.

**EXCITED DEPOSITOR:** Oh! nothing! Hem! I thought you'd broke. If you've got the money, it's all right, but if you haven't got it, I want it right away.

**T**HERE is a difference between embarrassment and shyness. For example, when a young man is embarrassed for money his shyness doesn't stop him from trying to borrow some.

A SHORT CONVERSATION.

**"A**H! Mr. Scribelerous, how are you? I bought your last book, and have been reading it. I can't say I like it as much as some of your others. I s'pose you're here, at this reception, picking up character."

**SCRIBELEROUS:** Ah! is that you, Butterine? By the bye, that last lot of eggs you sold my boarding-house mistress were more than half bad. I suppose you're here drumming up custom.

**N**OT long ago we paid two dollars and looked down upon the top of Patti's head while she sang a little song, and if the gentleman who got away in Mexico with \$30,000 worth of bogus tickets will drop in to see us, he can have our best dark closet to hide in as long as he likes.

**B**Y executing murderers on Friday it gives them just about time enough to reach heaven for Sunday.



WINTER SPORTS.

NEAR ENOUGH.

**"PAPA,"** inquired a Chicago young woman, "at the concert last night, I heard somebody refer to the *tout ensemble*. What kind of an instrument is that, papa?"

**PAPA** (*not quite sure of himself*): "I think it must be French for trombone."



HE.

**F**AREWELL, with humble air,  
I kiss your finger tips;  
The while my bold heart flies  
In fancy to your lips.

The dainty glove I kiss;  
A plague upon the fashion!  
My purpose thwarts, Duenna-like,  
A-warding off my passion.

SHE.

Prithee why should he be content  
With kissing of my fingers;  
Sure all the world such homage pays  
— And yet the Dullard lingers!

M. H. M.

NOT THAT KIND.

**"G**OT that sitting in a draught, eh?" said old Drakes.  
"Well, keep away from draughts. I put myself on to one a month ago, and it cost me \$15,000."

A GAME leg—Hindquarter of venison.





## WINTER.

A Puckolet.

O H dear!  
Hear  
Old winter's sullen blast!  
She's a blowing!!  
And 'tis snowing  
Awful fast.  
The autumn long has past,  
Likewise summer.  
And the bumper  
Goes to Florida,  
Where 'tis torrida,  
And for that future to which he's surely fated  
Gets inoculated.

\* \* \*

THE Christmas Issue of the English edition of our American contemporary, the Detroit *Free Press*, is a very fine effort. It is composed largely of cuts, stories, poems and paragraphs stolen bodily from past issues of LIFE, with the detail of credit overlooked. We are used to such treatment from foreign sources, but when an American contemporary stoops to such contemptible methods, we feel that it should not be permitted to pass without notice.

Is this Western enterprise?

\* \* \*

THAT was a highly educated Apache who informed an examiner that there were three elements, Earth, Air and Fire-water.

\* \* \*

THERE is hardly a paper in this country that has not, at some time or another, indulged in a column of "Celebrities at Home." They are very interesting reading, but their interest would pale before that of a similar column on "Celebrities Away from Home."

\* \* \*

IT is greatly feared in Europe that the Czar is addicted to the kerosene oil habit.

\* \* \*

EDGAR FAWCETT thinks critics should be gentlemen. This is not gallant, Mr. Fawcett. Give the ladies a chance.

\* \* \*

THE President must take a back seat. "Innocuous Desuetude" and "Pernicious Activity" have been knocked out by the "Accidental Abnormality" of the *Tribune* book critic.

\* \* \*

A LADY calling herself Silva Dolaro is singing in opera. That certainly is a taking name. In spite of its shortcomings the Silva Dolaro will always be popular with the masses.

MR. BRAM STOKER, an Englishman, lectured recently to a great audience at the London Institution, on "Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Stoker thinks Mr. Lincoln is a great preacher, and predicts a glorious future for him. We think Mr. Stoker erred in saying that Mr. Lincoln was born in the State of Chicago.

\* \* \*

BUFFALO BILL asserts that he is more than paid by his successful engagement here.

Buffalo must be a sort of receipted Bill.

\* \* \*

NOW that General Logan is dead, the paragraphers and special correspondents are filling the papers with such anecdotes as press of other matter prevented being told of General Grant.

\* \* \*



## A DEAD SHOT.

Am. Sportsman: WHAT DID I BRING DOWN, PAT?

Pat: YER OWN DOG, SUR; BLEW HIS HEAD ALL OFF!

Am. Sportsman: WHERE'S THE BIRD?

Pat: PICKING AT THER DOG, SUR!

\* \* \*

## SEASONABLE STANZAS.

SWEARING OFF.

NOW bad habits come to grief  
As we turn again the leaf  
That's new.  
And for ten or fifteen days  
We do bid our former ways  
Adieu.

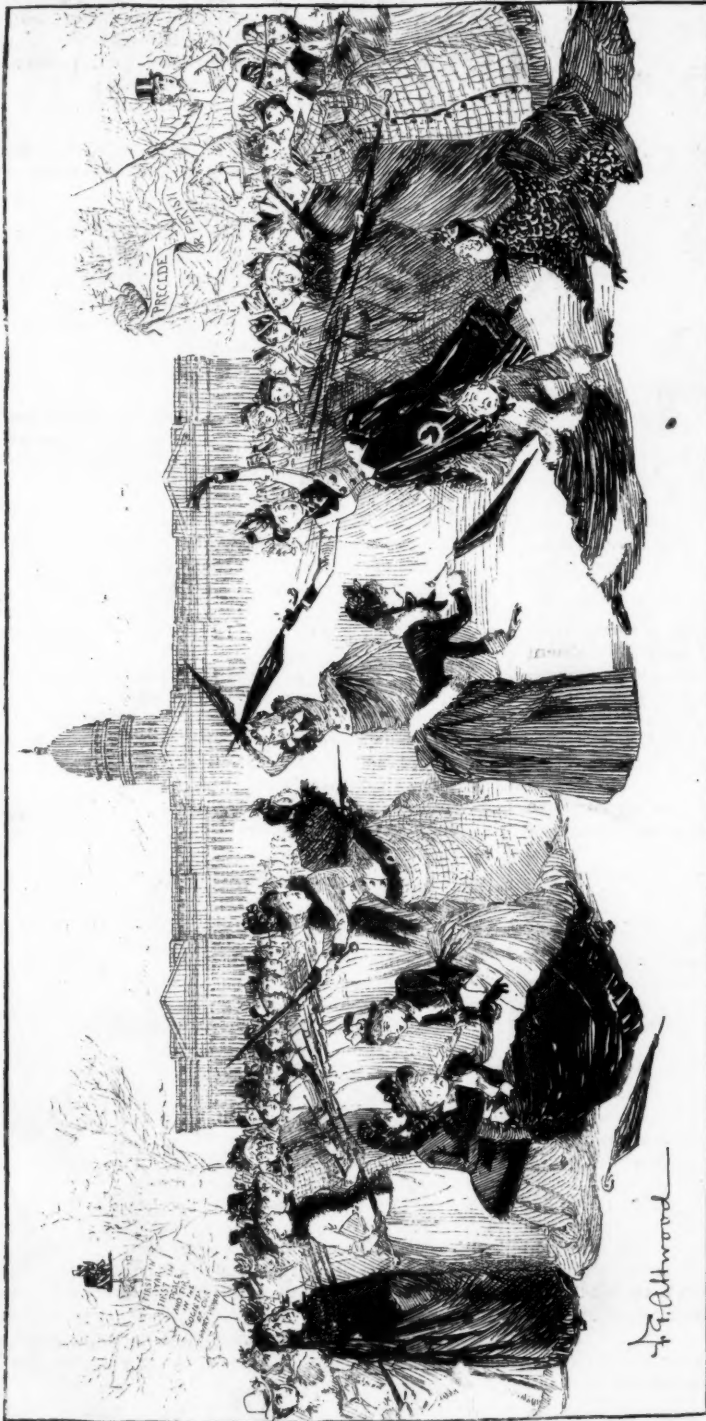
THE ASYLUM FOR GOOD INTENTIONS.

FULL soon the men, the boys, the maids,  
Will send some pavement down to Hades.

o°.

WE'VE reached the unhappy time year oh,  
When the mercury slips down to zero,  
And 'mongst our many thousand ills  
By no means least are last year's bills.

Geo. W. Me.



# WILL IT BE CIVIL WAR?

FRIGHTFUL INTELLIGENCE FROM WASHINGTON.

THE COUNTRY CONVULSED.

We clip the following alarming paragraph from the columns of a contemporary:

## IMPORTANT SOCIAL QUESTION.

SHALL CABINET OFFICERS' WIVES PRECEDE THE WIVES OF SENATORS? WASHINGTON, D. C.—There is an important question of social precedence to be decided now that Senator Hoar's bill, which became a law at the last session, has given the members of the cabinet the right of succession to the presidency in

case of the death of both the President and the Vice-President. The question is whether the wives of cabinet officers shall not hereafter take precedence of the wives of Senators. A social leader and the wife of a prominent official gave it as her opinion to-day that the Cabinet, as the official household of the President, should have the mooted second place, yielding gracious precedence to the chief justice, and being followed by the members of the diplomatic corps.

How thoroughly we have shaken off the influence of the effete monarchies.



### THE TRIUMPHANT SKEPTIC.

"HOSTS!" said Henry Arthur Smith, "who believes in ghosts? I don't, and there's an end on't!"

Saying which, Henry

Arthur Smith asphyxiated the light, and laid himself down for a long winter's nap.

But Henry Arthur Smith's long winter's nap was neither so long, nor so wintry, nor so nappy as it set out to be. Whether it was due to his having eaten too copious a Christmas dinner, or whether his nerve-quieting concoction produced an opposite effect or not—Henry Arthur Smith was unable to say—the hero of this romance was foiled in his attempt to bury himself in what Byron gravely termed Night's Sepulchre.

Suddenly Henry Arthur Smith started from his bed, and tried to exclaim "Who's there?"

We say tried to exclaim, for it was simply an effort. Only this and nothing more. The "Who's there?" never got any further than Henry Arthur Smith's tonsils, dying away in a weird gurgle that but added to the intensity of Henry Arthur Smith's feelings. Whatever became of the lost exclamation, no one knows; Henry Arthur Smith may have swallowed it.

At any rate—not to delay the action of our tale—the missing words were originally framed in our hero's word-framer to greet, whoever it was that caused the white knob on Henry Arthur Smith's bedroom door to turn—for turn it did.

It may be necessary to explain that a love of wandering forth from the haunts of his wardrobe into the refulgent halls of gilded night frequently seized upon Henry Arthur Smith, and to prevent any errors on his part, which might lead him into complication with a stern parent in the next room, Henry Arthur Smith had applied a sulphurous coating to the hall door knob, so that on the darkest of dark wintry nights its rotund face shone out upon the sable cloak in which all else was enshrouded, like the red-inked "Please Remit" on an unpaid tailor's bill. This was how Henry Arthur Smith came to perceive the turning of the knob after having asphyxiated the glim, and may be set down as an indirect cause of his having made an ineffectual attempt to hurl an apposite "Who's there?" upon a supposititious midnight marauder—for that it was midnight was conclusively shown by the fact that the clock in the neighboring church steeple was at that moment chiming half-past eleven.

The sudden advance of the knob in Henry Arthur Smith's direction convinced him that the knob was moving toward him, and knowing that no well-bred knob ever moves toward any person without some exterior encouragement, Henry Arthur Smith divined that the door too was approaching.

A blast of cold air from below stairs, laden with the odor of Xmas pudding that once had graced the festive board, also convinced him that there was a draft from somewhere.

With that courtesy which invariably attaches to the cashier of a bank—for Henry Arthur Smith followed that highly lucrative profession—our hero decided to honor the draft with some attention.

"What's wanted?" he cried, not being able even at this late date to trace the misplaced "Who's there."

"Me," replied whatever was there.

"Well, come in, Me, and shut the door," said Henry Arthur Smith, by way of repartee.

Then, as if in response to this brusque, but sincere invitation, a ghost loomed up before Henry Arthur Smith—a real, eighteen-karat, neatly-brushed, clean, evidently washed spook.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the ghost.

"Well, it's a poor light to recognize people by, but you look like my friend, Mr. Fog, from London."

"Don't trifle with me, Henry Arthur Smith," said the ghost.

"Indeed I won't, Mr. Fog, or the whatever your name may be. You're too damp looking and I am unarmed. My umbrella is down stairs."

"If you knew who and what I am you would shudder, Mr. Henry Arthur: mith."

"Well, as my chief delight in life is not shuddering, my dear Mr. Damp, I hope you won't tell me what you am. Do you am very often?"

"Mr. Smith, you are trifling with the child of the Elements."

"Indeed, am I! Well, this is an unexpected pleasure. Does your mother know you are out, sweet child?"

"There is an unseen power, Henry that is prepared to overwhelm you if you continue thus to indulge in persiflage and insult its representative."

"So! Water power, I suppose, to judge from your make-up. How long has this power you speak of been Raining?"

"Sir, if you knew the consequences of your rash behavior you'd tremble as sure as I'm born."

"Well, that's not very certain, Mr. Fog. I don't believe you are born. There's just a little too much nebulousness about you to pass for a really up and down born person. What kettle were you born in, anyhow? Was it that born from whence no traveler e'er returns?"

"It was not!"

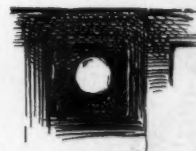
"Well, I might have known it, because you'd have evaporated long before this if it had been."

"Henry A. Smith, I have been commissioned by the Wraith-in-Chief of Spook-land to visit you and force you to believe in Ghosts."

"Thanks, Gentle Spirit! Carry my respectful salutations to the In Spectre General and tell him to call upon me during business hours. If you can sit in the sun for an hour without a sizz, my dear sir, I may make an effort to believe in you, but at present you are too malarious in your general appearance to do more than compel me to ask you to pass me that box of quinine there—but no. Don't go too near those pills. They'd break you all up, Mr. Spook."

"Beware!" said the Ghost, advancing with a threatening gesture.

"Yes, I will," replied Mr. Smith. "I expect to be where I am now for the next four hours, and really sir, if you'll excuse me, I wish you'd



THE KNOB WAS TURNING.



do a little bewaring on your own account. Couldn't you manage to find a spigot somewhere and kind of turn yourself off? Let yourself down through the water-pipe and go home; there's a good fellow. I'd put you on my list if I could. But you know I can't."

"Why not?" inquired the spook.

"Because you always would be Mist, Mr. Fog!"

This was too much for the Ambassador from Wraithville, for with a melancholy shriek that sounded like the dying gasp of a suction



HE PLUNGED DOWN THROUGH THE REGISTER.

pipe, he plunged down through the register, and a moment later an agonized sizzle told that the unhappy Mr. Damp, *alias* Fog, *alias* Me, had reached the furnace and was successful in his attempt at suicide, while Henry Arthur Smith fell into a gentle slumber, firmly convinced that there is no weapon so efficacious against the spirits of another world as the fashionable talk of this.

Carlyle Smith.

#### ULTIMA.

**B**BETTER be sickly and poor, better be shabbily clad,  
Better be homely and meek, better be dirty and bad,  
Better be anything else upon earth—anything else but a cad;  
The sick may recover their health, a check make a swell of a tramp,

The homely may fascinate hearts, and a saint may evolve from a scamp;

The weak may grow strong, and the dirty get clean,  
The thin may grow fat, and the fat may grow lean,  
But you never can, never can—never erad,  
The deep-rooted dirt from the soul of a cad.

VALE CAD.

F. B.

#### A LIBERAL HEART.

**P**UBLISHER: That book will cost you one dollar, sir.

**CUSTOMER:** Is that your inside figure? I'm a newspaper man.

**PUBLISHER:** Oh, in that case we won't charge you anything for it. Just give it a half-column notice in your paper, and take it along. We wouldn't think of charging members of the press anything for books.

#### AN INTELLIGENT SERVANT.

**G**REAT AMATEUR ACTRESS (*to servant*): How stupid of you, Bridget! I told you that I was not to be at home to anybody.

**BRIDGET:** But the gentleman sed, mum, that he is the largest soap manufacturer in the country.

**GREAT AMATEUR ACTRESS (*hastily*):** Oh, tell the gentleman I will be down at once.



#### TENNYSON'S PROTEST AGAINST THE REALISTS.

**I**T is so easy for mediocrity to jeer at what is great; so easy to read a few cable-mangled lines of Tennyson and jest at their "senility." But he who loves the poet for the songs of his strong manhood, will sit down with kindly, appreciative feelings, to read the little volume bearing the title, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." (Macmillan.) When he has closed the book he will feel that we have no singer, even in his prime, whose tones are so ringing and clear as this "old white-headed dreamer's."

To judge it simply as poetry, with no reference to its politics or philosophy—there is enough in it of clear vision and beautiful fancy to give it place in the paradise of song. For pure melody it would be hard to find a more musical line than the "Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles." There is strength of phrase though little beauty in "There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor."

\* \* \*

**T**HE absolute truth of Lord Tennyson's observation of nature and word pictures of landscape, which marked his earlier poems, are vividly present in this latest volume. There are touches of color that might have come from the palette of a painter in his prime. He tells us that "The moon was falling greenish through a rosy glow;" and again pictures the earth in a stanza full of strong imagery and vital phrase:

"Earth so huge and yet so bounded—pools of salt and plots of land—  
Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of mountain, grains of sand."

\* \* \*

**Y**ET there are those who sneer at the "pessimism" of an aged poet who still has the heart to write: "Follow Light and do the Right—for man can half-control his doom." What seems like pessimism in the poem is really a note of warning against a Realism which has taken the glory from fiction and poetry, and robbed life of its charm. It remains for young men to take up the cry of the aged idealist, and fight the battle which he is too old to lead.

\* \* \*

**T**HE hundred pages of blank verse in which Anna Katharine Green has set the drama of "Risifi's Daughter" (Putnam's) are melodious enough but lack most of the other elements of poetry. The story told is sadly romantic, but action and dramatic situations are missing. The following lines are worth quoting:

"Life is no plain, however vast or varied,  
But rising ground, where every forward step  
Shifts the horizon."

Droch.

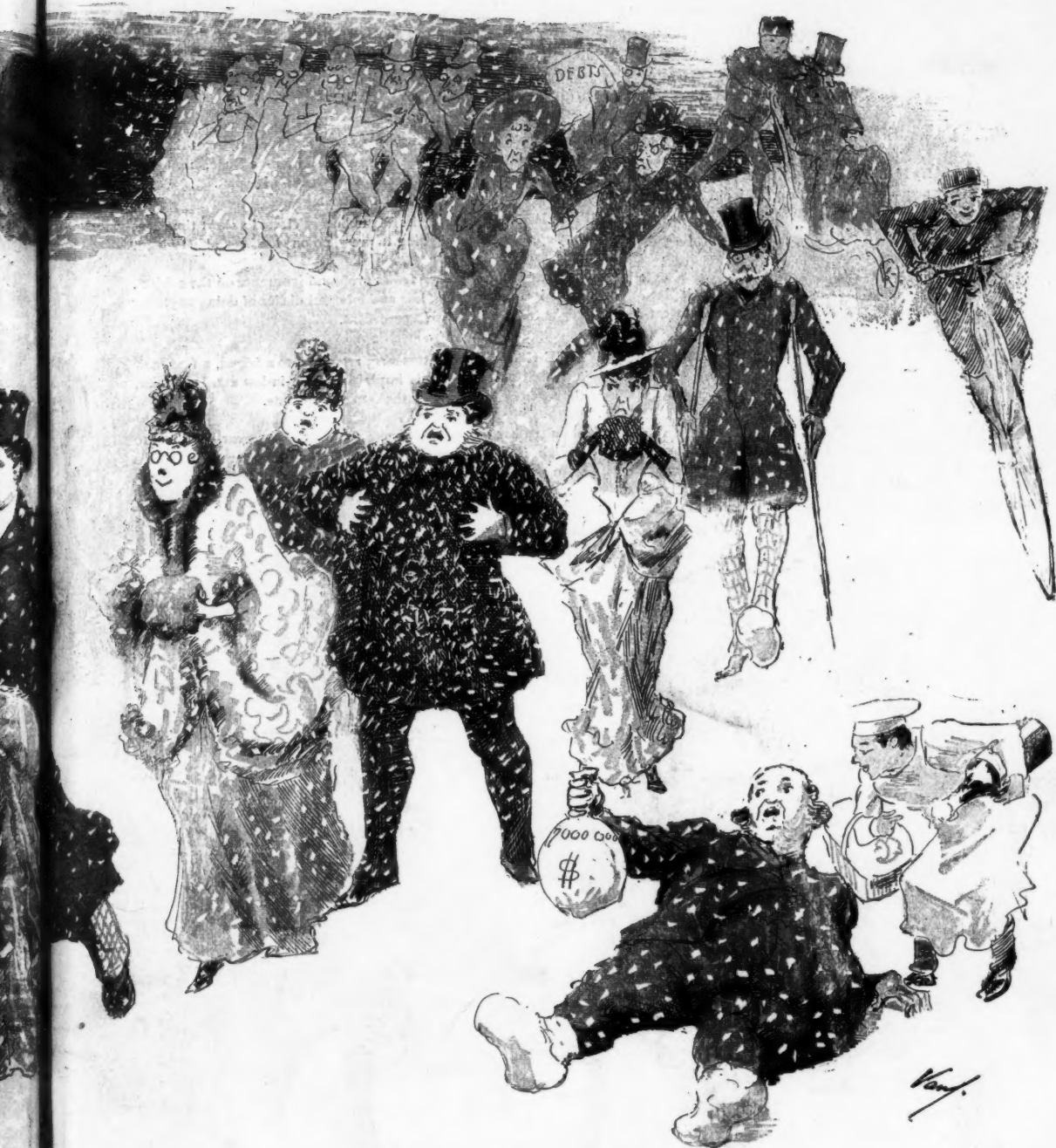
**S**PEAKING of diamonds, we have seen the time when the Kohinoor would look dim and lustreless along side of the ace.



ANOTHER YEAR  
AND NOT SO WELL TO ALL



L



ER YEAR.  
VEL TO ALL OF US.



### EXTRACTS FROM THE CHUM'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH POTENTATES.

MR. GLADSTONE has written a reply to Baron Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." It is believed

by those who are intimately acquainted with the grand old man that he takes the poet's line:

"Old Experience is a Fool,"

in a strictly personal sense.

THE carriage built for the triumphal entry—which never took place—of the Comte de Chambord into Paris, is now the state carriage of the Queen of Greece. She paid \$5,000 for it.

It is said to be a very handsome cab.

THE Queen has commanded the Poet-Laureate to write a triolet on the approaching Jubilee.

THE Czar of Russia, who is quite a wit, writes me that the King of Bulgaria is a *non-est* person, at all events.

If this is true it greatly reduces the chances of a large majority of the present candidates, and seems to point to the selection of the Battenberg Infant.

### from foreign fields

THE King of Spain has vetoed the resolution of the Cortes to substitute Granum for the bottle.

THE success of Queen Victoria's last book has been so great that her publishers have decided to issue an Edition-de-Luxe, limited to one copy, which will be presented to the Mikado of Japan.

A PRESIDENT of the Swiss Republic was elected a short time ago, but up to the hour of going to press, no one has been able to learn his name.

The President himself professes profound ignorance on the subject, owing to his conservative habits and inherent dislike of doing anything that might tend to establish a precedent.

PRINCE HENRY, of Battenberg, remarked to a friend, a few days ago, that as between his imperial mother-in-law and Dynamite, he'd choose to be blown up by the latter every time.

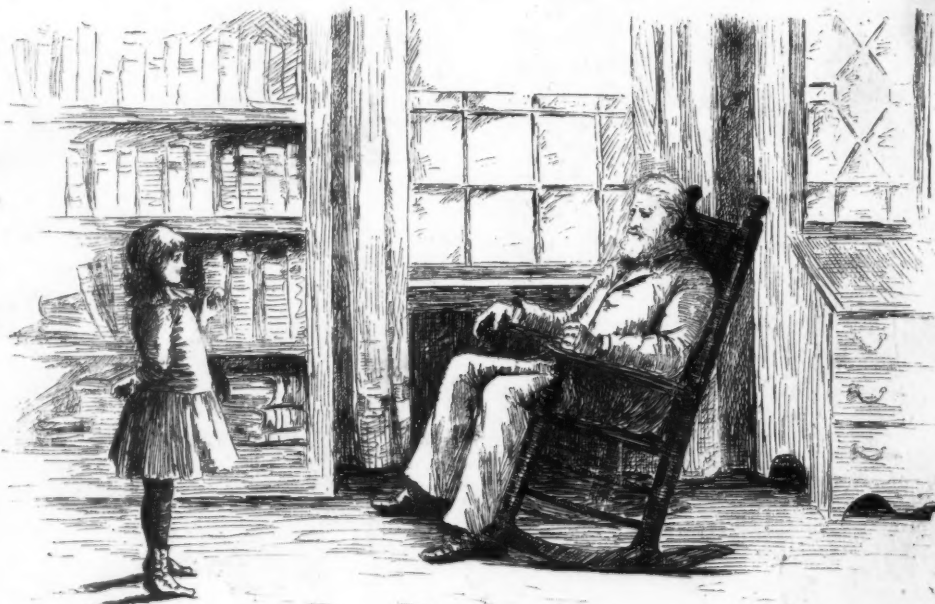
THE Sultan has offered to permit Sunset Cox to wear his shoes to church, if he will only return, but the late Minister is firm in his refusal to again visit Constantinople. It is reported in Washington that Mr. Cox thinks the Sultan a too harem-scarem sort of fellow to fool with, and prefers meddling with the tariff to smoking lemonade with the heathen impotentate.

### SCRAPS.

COLD feet are not pleasant, except they happen to be pig's feet, then they are better cold than warm. Jokes of this kind are not so expensive as they used to be on account of the competition.

AN enterprising Harlem saloon advertises: "Free lunch in a box to take home—five cents."

LIEUT. HENN is confident that he will win next year. He counts his chickens before they are hatched.



### AN INTERIOR.

Professor (who has been giving simple lessons in physiology): WHERE IS YOUR HEART, DEAR?

Mabel: HERE.

Professor: AND WHERE IS YOUR LIVER?

Mabel (indignantly): I HAVEN'T ANY. COWS HAVE LIVERS.

Professor: OH YES YOU HAVE.

Mabel (after some thought): WELL THEN, WHERE IS MY BACON?

# LEARNING A TRADE.

**BLACKSMITH** (*to young man*): You think you possess the necessary qualifications for a blacksmith?

**YOUNG MAN**: Yes, sir. I was a member of the foot-ball team at college.

**BLACKSMITH** (*dubiously*): You may be strong enough, young man, but this business demands brains as well as strength.

**SIR GARNET WOLSELEY** who, it will be remembered, fell off a camel a year or two ago in Egypt, gets \$13,500 a year.

# OF RARE LITERARY MERIT.

**MRS. WAYBACK** (*to husband, who has brought home a verse of poetry with the author's signature attached*): Is this fust class poetry, John?

**MR. WAYBACK** (*enthusiastically*): Fust class poetry? I should say it was. I got that in a dime museum, Mariar. The feller wrote it with his toes.

# THE LAST STAGES OF STARVATION.

“**W**ILL you please give me a few pennies to buy something to eat with?” he begged, “I’m starving.”

“I can’t see a man starve,” replied the kind-hearted man. “Haven’t you had anything to eat to-day?”

“Nothing but a fifty-cent *table d’hôte* dinner,” was the starving man’s mournful reply.



*Mrs. B. (who, though still young, has been three times married)*: OH, IF I WERE A MAN, I WOULD MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF!

*Tom (who is number three)*: STRIKES ME YOU’VE DONE PRETTY WELL AS IT IS, MY DEAR. THIS IS THE THIRD YOU HAVE MADE.

# THEN AND NOW.

“Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold.” — *R. Herrick.*

**T**HEN she was a little maiden;  
Dimpled cheeks and laughter-laden  
Eyes, that thrilled my soul —  
But she scoffed my boyish passion,  
While I, in true love fashion,  
Languished in that rôle.

Now she is an older maiden;  
Eyes less bright and wrinkle-laden  
Brow, that years infer —  
And she smiles upon me sweetly,  
While I’ve changed my mind completely,  
Single life prefer!

*H. E. W.*

**HENRY WATTERSON** shouts frantically “What shall we do, we are being glutted with gold?” Our advice is, let her glut.

# THE OLDEST ON RECORD.

**SUNDAY School teacher**: now, children, can any of you tell me who Methuselah was?

**SMALL SCHOLAR**: He was a chestnut.

**T**HE books that Bacon said should be digested, are probably those which have been devoured.

# A COMPLETE STOCK.

**OLD LADY** (*to clerk*): Have you gentlemen’s gloves?  
**CLERK** (*glancing at the old lady’s hands*): Yes, ma’am, but I think we have ladies’ gloves large enough to fit you.





### 3 A. M. AT THE L. STATION.

*Policeman:* HERE, MOVE ON.

*Weary Citizen:* 'SH—HIC—SHO—DON'T SAY A WORD—HIC—I DONE WANT TO WAKE M'—WIFE GOING UP STAIRS.

### AT GETTYSBURG.

YOU take your stand upon the ground  
Where Hancock fought so well,  
You look with pity at the mound  
Which shows where Cushing fell.  
Your heart beats faster as you spy  
Old Round-Top's lofty head  
Across the fields—now thick with rye  
But planted then with dead.  
A monument, close by your side,  
Relates some valiant deed,  
And o'er the place where heroes died  
Their deathless names you read.  
You mark the peaceful homes which dot  
The wide historic plain;—  
A fascination haunts the spot  
Where Pickett charged in vain.  
Your heart is full; mayhap a tear  
To check in vain you strive,  
When nasal tones salute your ear  
With "Bullets! Two fer five!"

*George W. Pepper.*

### HE GAVE IT UP.

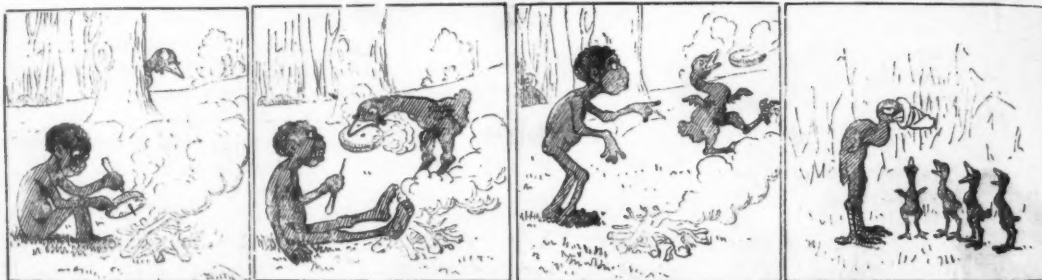
"MY DEAR," said an affectionate wife to her husband, "I am so glad that you have given up drinking. It is a terribly degrading habit, and I am delighted that my denunciations of it have had their effect."

"Yes," said hubby, puffing away at his Regina, "I bet Fawkins five baskets of wine on it, that I could leave off till New Year's day, and I'm going in to win."

THE modern society girl is an accomplished actress, but, as a rule, she is not fond of long engagements.

"THE prisoner has a very smooth face," said little Justice Duffy the other day.

"Yes, your honor," replied the facetious policeman, "he was ironed just before I brought him in."



WHAT THE OLD BIRD DID N'T KNOW ABOUT CALORIC.



THESE CARPING OUTSIDERS.

SIMPSON: Well, Muggins, how's business?

MUGGINS (*our artist*): Oh, ripping! Got a commission this morning from a clergyman. Wants his children painted very badly.

SIMPSON (*with that pleasant way of his*): Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job.

They don't speak now. — *Judge*.

A COUNTRY parson, in encountering a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the following: A clergyman was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough, and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm, and led him down to the fore-castle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing, you may know there is no danger." He went back feeling better, but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted, he managed to stagger to the fore-castle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as ever. "Mary," he said to his sympathetic wife, as he crawled into his berth after tacking across a wet deck, "Mary, thank God they're swearing yet." — *Harper's Magazine*.

A SUBSCRIBER asks: "Can you send me a good receipt for good hoarhound candy?" Certainly we can, dear. Send along your candy and you will get a receipt by return mail. — *New Haven News*.

PROBABLY.

FIRST BROKER'S BOY: What is your pa, Johnnie?

SECOND BROKER'S BOY: My pa is a bull.

F. B. B.: And what is your ma?

S. B. B.: My ma? I dunno. Oh, yes—hold on. I saw her when she was dressed to go to a party last evening, and I guess she must be a bare. — *Boston Courier*.

FAITH is sometimes represented by the figure of a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock, but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer. — *Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

A HARVARD professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it. — *Detroit Free Press*.

FEMININE CHARITY.

"It isn't possible."

"True, I assure you."

"But —"

"I heard her say only yesterday that she was twenty-seven."

"Then how old must she have been when she was born?" — *From the French*.

TEACHER (*in Mineralogy Class*): Johnny, give me the name of the largest known diamond?

JOHNNY: The ace. — *Binghamton Republican*.

"YOUNG men believe in nothing nowadays," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an acrostic." — *Exchange*.

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[Respectfully dedicated to Adonis Dixey and the Evangeline Heffer.]

Heifer leg, heifer leg,  
Heifer leg, onward!  
From "heifer" dollar a night  
Up to six hundred.  
On with the heifer dance!  
Watch but the hind legs prance,  
Now—deed of necromance—  
Salary six hundred.

Actors to right of him,  
Actors to left of him,  
The actor (?) in front of him  
Got left, and wondered.  
But the hind legs kept on  
Till the "blue ribbon" won,  
Caught the theatric "bun,"  
Not yet six hundred.

—Philadelphia News.

She's coming—now I pause and shrink,  
And like a coward on the stair  
I wait and smell the sweet *Clove Pink*,  
Which marks her presence everywhere.  
(J. & E. ATKINSON.)

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On a bench in the garden, my weeping small boy  
Sang willow—tit willow—tit willow,  
And I asked him—"Why will you the neighbors annoy  
With your willow—tit willow—  
tit willow?"

Do you find it amusing, or are  
you in pain?

Please stop it at once, and don't  
do it again!"

Still he piercingly howled, while  
his tears fell like rain,

Oh! willow—tit willow—tit wil-  
low.

My nerves, and my patience were  
really worn out

With his willow—tit willow—tit  
willow,

So I picked up a shingle suffi-  
ciently stout;

Oh! willow—tit willow—tit wil-  
low.

Across my left knee the sad youth did I fling,  
Remarking, "Now forthwith explain me this thing  
Or I'll give you sufficient occasion to sing,

Oh, willow—tit willow—tit wil-  
low."

"Oh, popper, please don't! *Do*,  
*do* put me down,

Oh! willow—tit willow—tit wil-  
low,

You know that you promised  
you'd bring me from town,

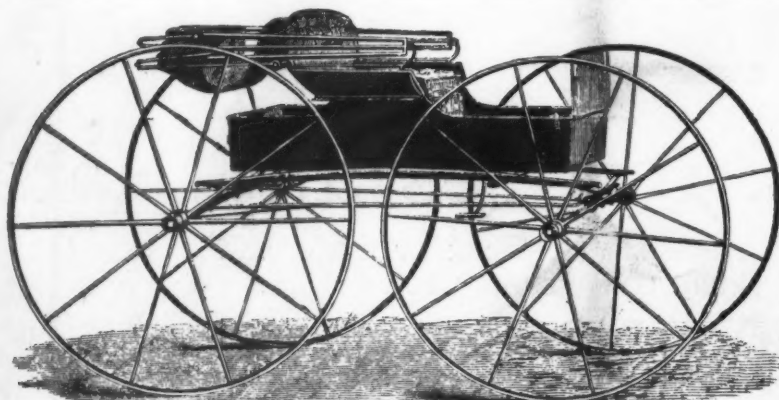
Oh, willow—tit willow—tit wil-  
low,

A new *Waterbury*, a watch that  
would go.

And tick and keep time, and I  
wanted it so,

And you went and forgot it, Oh,  
*dear* me! Oh! Oh!

Oh, willow—tit willow—tit wil-  
low."



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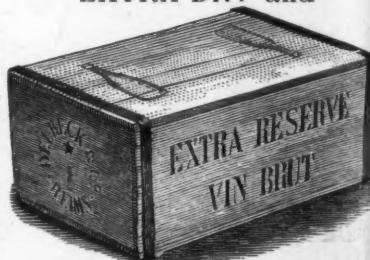
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